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ROMEO AND JULIET. BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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A copy of this 3rd ed. bd in morocco (probably the same) sold at Ld Thurlow. Reaction by Christie. April 1804 for 4. 18. 0. It is very rare. See Stevens's List.

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In Capell's colln
not in the Brit. Mus.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie, of *Romeo and Juliet.*

As it hath beene ſundrie times publiquely Acted, by the KINGS Maieſties Seruants at the Globe.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

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LONDON
Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICK, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard, in Fleeteſtreete vnder the Dyall.
1609.

The Prologue.

Chorus.

TWo houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their Parents ſtrife.
The feareful paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their Childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhal miſſe, our toile ſhall ſtriue to mend:

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO *and* IVLIET.

Enter Sampson *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the house of* Capulet.

SAmp *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carry Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moues me.
Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand. Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
Gre. The quarrell is betweene our masters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuill with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

Grego. The heades of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

Grego. They must take it sense, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other seruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Gre. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre, No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp, Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra, Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side if I say I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Sa. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. VVell sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. VVhat art thou drawne among these hartlesse hinds turne thee *Benuolio*, look vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or mannage it to part these men with me.

Tib. VVhat drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at the coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partysons.

Offi. Clubs, Billes and Partisons, strike, beate them downe
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Capu. VVhat noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe,

Wife. A crowch a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife*. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steele,
VVill they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
VVith purple fouuntaines issuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from those bloudy hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Cast by their graue beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
Ben. My noble vncle do you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he his own affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benuo. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new stroke nine.
Romeo. Ay me sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good harts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast shownе,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?
Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke man, and shees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.
Romeo VVell in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
VVith Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish bow she liues vnch armd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast:
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge wast:
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistrisse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the clowne.*

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my suite?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit

Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number though in reckning none.
Come goe with me. goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is lesned by an others anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: County* Anselme *and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. VVhither to supper.

Ser? To our house.

Ro, VThose house?

Ser: My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser, Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
VVith all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make the thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro, VVhen the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife, Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, Now *by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladi-bird, God for bid,*
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, wee must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God shee was too good for mee. But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid worme-wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchouse wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But as I saide, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand a lone, nay bi'throode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband, God bee with*

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bompe as big as a young Cockrels stone? a perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said* I.

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. *Peace I haue done: God mark thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once. I haue my wish.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well think of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. *A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
And ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And find delight, writ there with beauties pen,
Examine euery seuerall liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in gold claspes, locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye
Then your consent giues strength to make fly. *Enter Seruing.*

Seruing. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or sixe other Maskers, torch bearers.*

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hud winckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

Being but heauy I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Romeo. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
Horatio. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betakes him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits, *Ro.* And

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. VVhy may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. VVell what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
then an Agat stone, on the fore finger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie a-
sleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the co-
uer of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spi-
der web, her collers of the moonshines watry beams, her whip
of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small
gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme,
prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emp-
tie Hasel nut, made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coachmakers: and in this state she gal-
lops night by night, throgh louers brains, & then they dream
of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies strait, ore
Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who
strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues, because their breath with sweete meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreame
he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes shee with a tith-
pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies a sleepe, then he dreams
of another Benefice. Somtime she drieth ore a souldiers neck,
and then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, of breaches,
ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, &
then anon drums in his eare, at which he startes and wakes, &
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe:
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

 This

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
VVhich is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
VVith this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. VVheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?
1. VVhen good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Court cubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, saue mee a peece of Marchpane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. Iboy

2. Iboy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, she that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirty.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.

Romeo. What

Ro. VVhat Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser, I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beauty till this night.
Tib, This by his voice, should be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To sleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin,
Capu. VVhy how now kinsman wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. VVhy vncle, tis a shame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy boy, ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
VVell said my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intrusion shal
Now seeming sweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
VVhich mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers sake.
Ro. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom, Is ſhe a *Catulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. VVhats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iuli. VVhats he that follows here that would not dance?
Nurſ. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iul. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. VVhats tis? whats tis?

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would die,
VVith tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare;
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſsion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame ſweete.
Enter Romeo *alone.*
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe, & on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben: He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſsion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime and I am ſatisfied:
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him,
I conjure the by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight Ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,

That

That thou her maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her maid since she is enuious,
Her vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the faire'st starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
VVhat's in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
VVithout that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. VVhat man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iu. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. VVith loues light wings did I oreperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washet with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise

Iuli. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell complement.
Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false, at louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heardst ere I was ware
My true loue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these fruite tree tops:

Iu. O sweare not by the Moone th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Iuli. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, and goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauy lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe*.

Iu. Hist *Romeo* hist, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue the still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That

That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Ro. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles,
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sence with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro: Good morrow father.
Fr. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.
Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline?*
Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. Thats my good son, but where hast thou beene then?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Wher on a sudden one hath wounded me:

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
VVithin thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man; for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
VVe met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
VVomen may fall, when thers no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badst me bury loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Merc. Where the deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answere the letters maister how he dares being dared.
Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tibalt*?
Rom. Why what is *Tibalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prickesong, keeps time distance & proportion, he rests his minum rests, one two & the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button a dualist a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-

uerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion mongers, these pardon mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they can not sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the nũbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bon ieur*, theres a French salutation to your french slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio.*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curtesie.

Romeo. pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. VVhy then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole singular.

Ro. O

Ro. O single soldе ieast, soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole siue. VVas I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Ro. And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. VVhy is not this better now, then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurs. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

 Mer. God

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewomã, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quatha: gẽtlemẽ cã any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in lent.

But a hare that is hore is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand

stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse mee at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue been out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say it were a very grosse kind of behauiour as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistrisse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will bee a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you doe protest, which as I take it, is a Gentlemanlike offer. (noone,

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this after-
And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be shriued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone sir, well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now

Nurse. Now God in heauen blesse thee, harke you sir.

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistrisse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. A mocker thats the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. Ia thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing back shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete loue. (dead,
M. And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Wel, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lamme: go thy waies wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No no, But al this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou replyest:
Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iuli. Heres such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must clime de a birds neast soone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. A men, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine asleepe in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband, & yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben: And I were so apt to quarel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with somthing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercut. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Ti. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort, what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords, heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. VVe talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. VVell peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore fare well I see thou knowest me not.

Ti. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla stueatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. VVhat woulds thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, no thing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, & as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir your Passado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*,

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. VVhat art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,
VVhere is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and soundly to your houses.

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin, O sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
VVhich too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe,

Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away,

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murtherer, which way ran he?
Benu. There lies that *Tibalt*.
Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. VVhere are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.
Capu Wi. *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
Ben. *Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
VVith gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
VVith Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
VVho all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneth whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
And toote they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,

Towards

Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-perform'ng night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their amorous rights,
And by their owne beauties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maidenhoods,
Hood my vnmand blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
VVhiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackbrowd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she bring newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what newes? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees is gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be so enuious.
Nur. *Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iu. What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in blood,
All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.
Iu. O breake my heart, poore banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.
Iu. VVhat storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue-featherd Rauen, woluish-rauening lambe,
Despised substance of diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah, wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooli sh teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

VVhich you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worser then *Tibalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
VVas woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be wrankt with other griefes,
VVhy followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
VVhich moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
VVhere is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. VVeeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* course,
VVill you go to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. VVash they his wounds with teares: mine shal be spent
VVhen theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearmd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse,
Thy fault our law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Ro Tis torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery cat and dog,
And little mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished,
Flies may doe this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharp ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knockes.
Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Harke how they knocke (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp,
Slud knocke.
Run to my study by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come,
Knocke.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then,
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Whe res my Ladies Lord, wheres *Romeo*,
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wosull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Sta nd vp, stand vp, stand and yo u be a man,
For *uliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
VVhy should you fall into so deepe an O:
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
VVith blood remoued, but little from her owne?
VVhere is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast:
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
VVhy raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
VVhich should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape, is but a formie of waxe,

Digressing

Disgressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sowrne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and sullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till wee can find a time
To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide,

Nur. Here

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence, goodnight, & here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguisd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Paris. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke she will be rulde
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her hereof, my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Paris Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her,

 She

She shall be married to this noble Earle:
VVill you be ready? do you like this haste?
VVeele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. VVell, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. VVilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Romeo. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,

Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision.
This doth not so: for she deuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changde voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cumming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so, loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Ro. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkest thou we shall euer meete againe?

Ro. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our time to come.

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. VVho is't that calls? it is my Lady mother,
Is she not downe so Late or vp so early?
VVhat vnaccustomd cause procures her either?
La. VVhy how now *Iulset*.
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
VVhat wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
VVhich you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. VVell girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.
Iu. VVhat villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I doe withall my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That

La. That is because the Traitor liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeede I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. VVell, well, thou hast a carefull father child.
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happy time, what day is that?
M. Marry my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:

I pray

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeede.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.
Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It raines downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in (teares
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy tearesand they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tosled body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will shee none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud Mistrisse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioints gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickneslle carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your gramitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft as they say with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:

I am

I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer doe thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Iuliet. Is there no pitie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iuliet. O God. O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse. (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Iu. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iu. Well thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeasde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iu. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir, the time is very short.

Pa. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his hast.

Fri. You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
VVhich too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haſt?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed,
Looke ſir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me,
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then teares with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt intreat the time alone.
Pa. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit.*
Iu O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

On Thurſday next be married to this Countie?
Iu. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it preſently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to another deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudy knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperat an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpẽts are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhankes and yealow chappels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,

 And

And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me trem ble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweet loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow nigh t looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viol being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A co ld and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Sh all keepe his natiue progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too many ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, & strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca: So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cānot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe willde harlotry it is. *Enter* Iuliet.
Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Ca How now my headstrong, where h aue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iuls. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Ca. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand vp,
This is as t should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hether.

Now

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. VVe shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
to Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaimd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurse.

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
VVhich wel thou knowest, is crosse and ful of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. VV hat are you busie ho? need you my help?
Iu. No Madam, we haue cild such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt. *Iu.* Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
VVhat if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred, to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stiffled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
VVhere for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
VVhere bloody *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrowd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,

 And

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter.

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste, (I say.
Make haste, the bridegroome, he is come already, make haste
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
VVhy Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
VVhat not a word, you take your peniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me,
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
VVhat dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Lady es dead.
Oh weleaday, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. VVhat noise is heere?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. VVhat is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come:
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shees dead, alacke the day,
M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene seperated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O

Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time,
Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded, I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast:
Our solemne hymnes to sullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.
Exeunt: manet.
Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.
Fid. I by my troath, the case may be amended.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter

Enter Will Kempe.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart is full:
O play me some merrie dumpe to comfort me.

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Pet, You will not then?

Min. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Min. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Min. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the seruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, ile re you, ile fa
You, do you note me?

Min. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs,

2 M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit,
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger,
Answere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique
with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musicke with her siluer sound, what
say you Simon Catling?

Min. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.

Pet. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?

3. M. Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is musicke with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth
lend redresse, *Exit.*

Min.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit*

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos *man.*

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office sir.

Ro. Is it euen so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.
Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoys hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie?
Appo. Who calls so lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
a dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
that the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd
Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And feares to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Po. My pouerty, but not my will consents.
Ro. I pray thy pouerty and not thy will.
Po. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh,
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who

Law. VVho bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
VVithin this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe.
(*Exit.*

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,
Owoe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
VVhich with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.
Whistle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curled foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a torch? muffle me night a while.
Enter Romeo *and* Peter.
Ro. Giue me the mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
VVhy I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.
Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more food.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Couzin; with which griefe,

It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue:
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light,

Death

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquerd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
VVhy art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this pallace of dym night
Depart againe, come lie thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
VVith wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
VVill I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy sea-sicke weary barke:
Heer's to my Loue. O true Appothecary;

Thy

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth so holy sir, & theres my master, one that you (loue.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.
Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. *Romeo,*
Alacke alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*
Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*
Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
Iuli. Yea noise? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger.
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. (burne.
Watch boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth
Watch. The ground is bloody, search a bout the churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the prince, runne to the *Capulets.*
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe watch. Hold him in safetie, till the Priuce come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,

We

We tooke this Mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
Chief Watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too, too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry to ward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
VVarme and new kild.
Ppin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughterd *Romeos* man,
VVith Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Ca. O heauen! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
VVhat further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Pri. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Frier. I will bee briefe for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Whers *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raisd the Watch?
Sirrah what made your master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

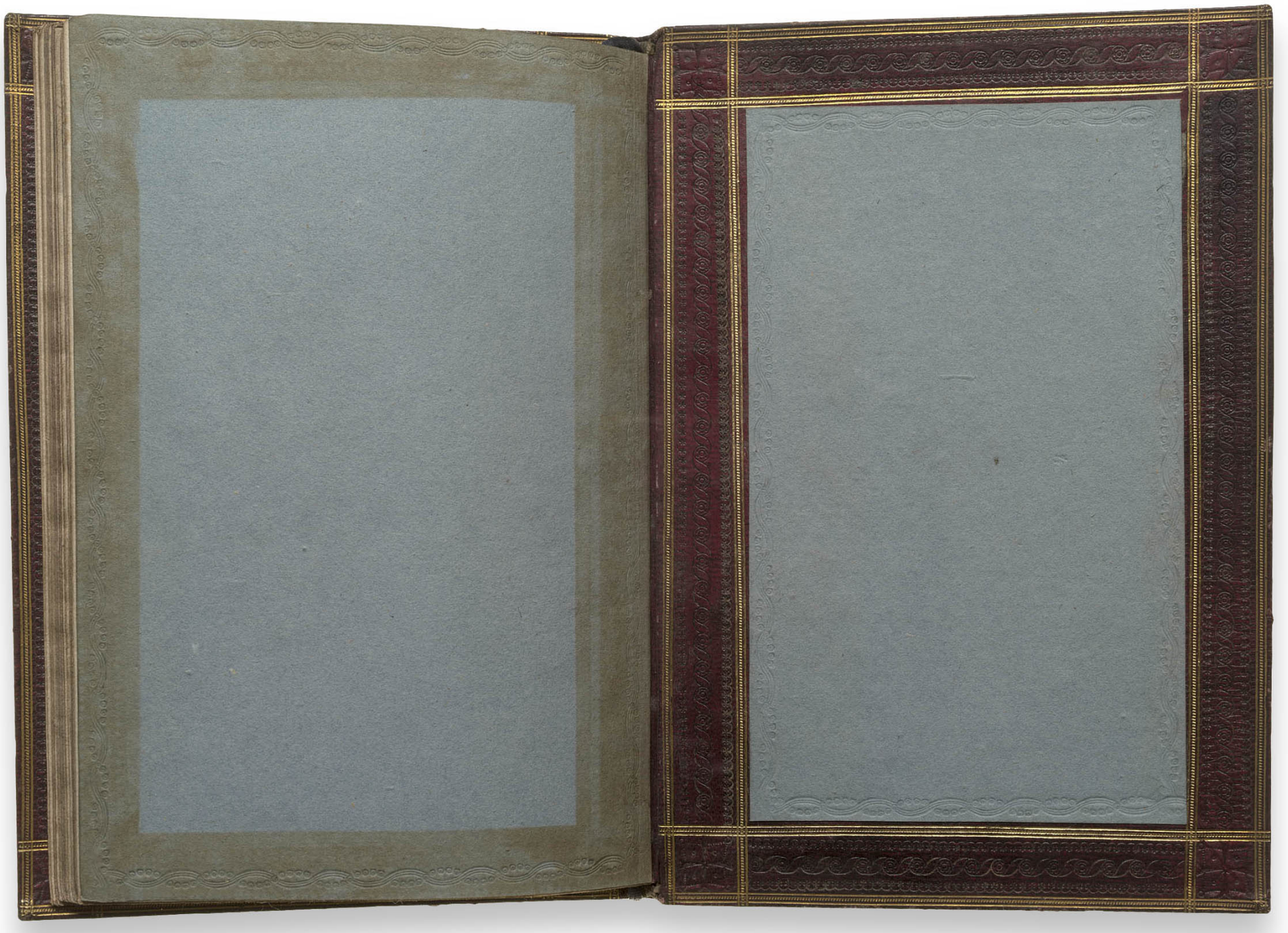
Prin. This Letter doth make good the friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with loue;
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: all are punished.

Cap. O brother Mountague, giue me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull Iuliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Ladies lye:
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. a glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than that of Iuliet and her Romeo.

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